

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue Procured thee *Iack* a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God bee thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayse them.

*Prince. Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster, To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerlands*. Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue

Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hestes*, my breakefast come,

Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desce

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beare him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Henrie the*

*Hot.* Do so, and t'is well: w  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from

*Hot.* Letters from him? why co

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lo

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the  
In such a iustling time? who lea

Vnder whose gouernement com

*Mess.* His letters beares his mi

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth h

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure

And at the time of my departur

He was much feard by his Phila

*Wor.* I would the state of time

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visi

His health was neuer better wor

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now,

The very life-bloud of our enter

Tis catching hither, euen to ou

He writes me here, that inward

And that his friends by deputati

Could not so soone be drawne,

To lay so dangerous and deare

On any soule remou'd, but on l

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduert

That with our small coniunctio

To see how fortune is dispos'd t

For, as he writes, there is no qu

Because the King is certainly p

Of all our purposes: what say y

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very l

And yet, in faith, it is not his pr

Seemes more then we shall find

To set the exact wealth of all o

All at one cast? to set so rich a

On the nice hazzard of one do

It were not good, for therein sh

H